4: Marcoy T-5 (ca. 1865) 1875 SQ20 Tucuna SQ20

the canoe and rowed vigorously home, and soon laid her insensible husband in a hammock.

This heroic act had occurred some two hours only before we arrived at the Ticuna's dwelling, whither we had gone impelled by hunger. The virago, although occupied in providing us with bananas and other food, described the affair to our men without either gesture or emotion, indeed, just as if the matter under consideration was an occurrence of the most ordinary kind. Whilst I was making a crayon sketch of the Amazon, my host, whose acquaintance with surgery equalled that of the best surgeons, soaked his cotton handkerchief in rum, sprinkled it with salt, and wrapped it round the head of the Ticuna, who was lying in his hammock burning with fever. I have no knowledge of what followed.

On the same day I purchased of a hideous, old, black, bent, wrinkled, and withered Ticuna woman, who was almost naked, a little tapir that she had reared, and who whistled more shrilly than a post-boy. The price I paid was a necklace of yellow glass beads which the old woman put round her neck with a hideous grimace of coquetry. My pachydermatous acquisition, about the size of a pig six months old, had not yet acquired its permanent coat; instead of the soot-coloured hair which characterizes the adult tapirs, the coat of this one was striped longitudinally with black, gray, and yellow; from the regularity of these stripes and the brilliancy of their colours it appeared as if the animal was clothed with a garment of striped calico.

After a few hours we became inseparable; it was a good-natured little animal, soft, humble, and caressing, and always ready to testify its gratitude to anyone who would tickle its belly. Its only fault was that it persisted in slobbering over my boots and loosening the strings; but this, if it could be called a fault, was compensated by so many good qualities that I willingly tolerated it. This gentle travelling companion was snatched from my arms by one of the inflexible Parcæ, after a month's acquaintance; when he died within sight of the lake Éga I was occupied with the toilet preparations necessary for my approaching visit to the authorities of the place, and having no time to save the animal's skin for scientific purposes, I threw him with all his decorations into the Amazon, breathing a prayer that the caymans might spare his remains.

On quitting the black waters and splendid forests of the interior the Amazon and its banks appeared to me dull of colour and outline; but Loreto, in particular, struck me as hideous. The chiques and mosquitoes, which I there found more lively and more abundant than ever, still further increased the aversion with which this village had inspired me at first sight.

I have always suspected, with or without reason, that the nine species of mosquitoes that are met with on the Amazon, and which I will name on a future page, have made Loreto, if not the capital of their kingdom, at least the centre of their operations, and the theatre of their greatest exploits. Nowhere, in fact, has the audacity of these winged brigands appeared to me greater, their buzzing more ironical, their bite sharper, their poison more corrosive, or the wound they inflict slower in cicatrizing. The fowls, the ducks, the pigeons, the hoccos, the pauxis, and the agamis, which at Loreto are the messmates of man and form his poultry-yard, would hasten to second my proposition,